ROLLO STONES — MAN OR MONSTER? SEE INSIDE!

7d

SMASH!

No.14
7th MAY 1966
EVERY TUESDAY

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

THAT arch-villain, Dr. Doom, has bound The Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. with his tie and braces and left him on top of a burning building. The fire brigade has arrived—but their ladder is TOO SHORT TO RESCUE OUR AGENT! Can you see how The Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. can escape now? All the clues are in the picture — but, if you give up, the answer is on Mr Knowall's page inside.

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MOON MADNESS

A MASSIVE ARM AND HAND HAD APPEARED IN SCOTLAND. ON SALISBURY PLAIN A GIANT PAIR OF LEGS MATERIALISED. IN WESTMORLAND A GREAT TRUNK AND ARM FORMED. AND IN THE CHEVIOT HILLS THEY JOINED TOGETHER...

TO BECOME THIS!

ACROSS THE COUNTRY IT MARCHED, SPREADING PANIC WITH EVERY GIANT STRIDE.

FOLLOWING ITS PROGRESS IN A HELICOPTER WERE JOHN SILVERLIGHT AND THE EMERGENCY COMMITTEE...

IT'S DESTROYING—AIMLESSLY!

NO. IT SEEMS TO HAVE SOME PURPOSE. NOTICE HOW IT HEADS ALL THE TIME IN A STRAIGHT LINE...

...AS THOUGH IT IS MAKING FOR SOMEWHERE.

IT'S GOING TO WALK INTO THE SEA!

THE CREATURE REACHED THE WATER'S EDGE, BUT ITS STRIDE DID NOT FALTER...

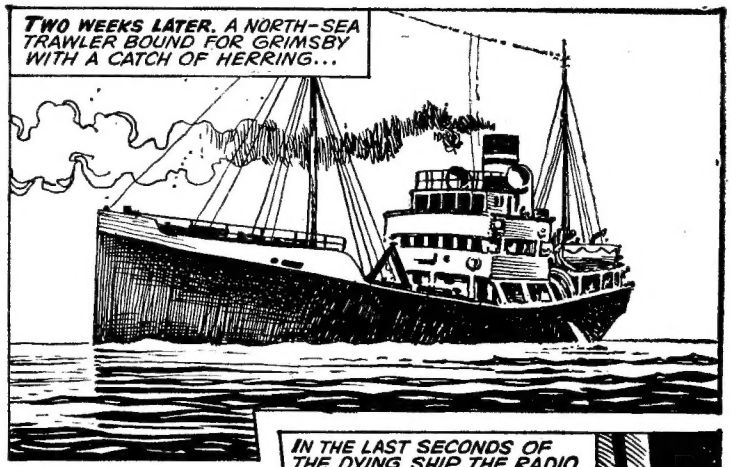
A FINAL GREAT BUBBLE—AND THE GREY WATER CLOSED ABOVE THE HEADLESS BODY...

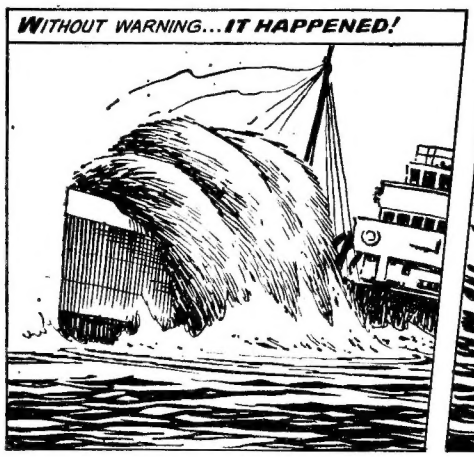
IT'S GONE!

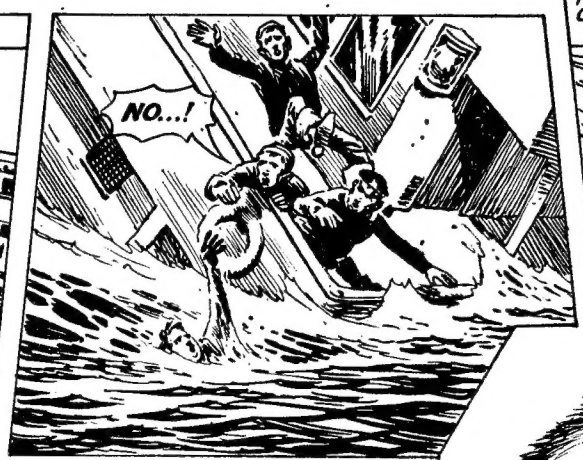
WHITEHALL, LONDON, THREE DAYS LATER...

IT IS A TREMENDOUS RELIEF TO EVERY PERSON IN OUR COUNTRY TO KNOW THAT THIS CREATURE HAS DESTROYED ITSELF BY WALKING INTO THE SEA. THE STATE OF EMERGENCY IS NOW OVER.

THAT ISN'T SO! DON'T YOU SEE—THAT THING HAS WALKED INTO THE SEA FOR ONLY ONE REASON...



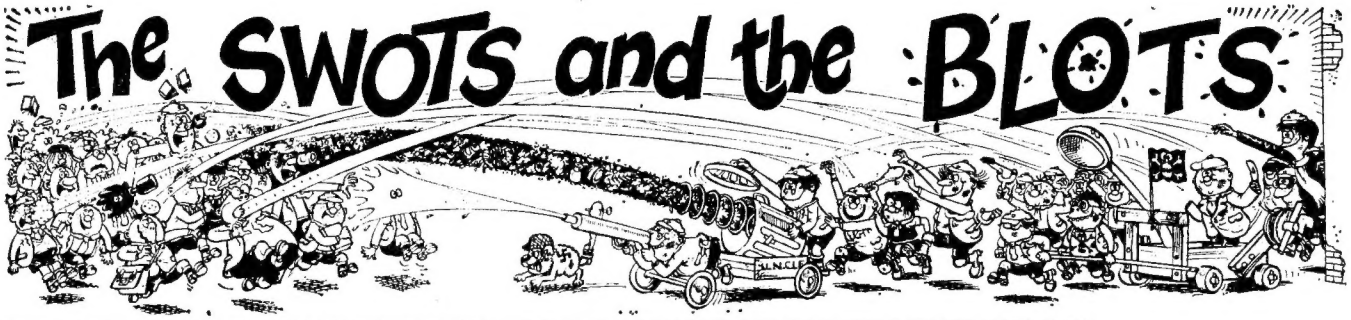


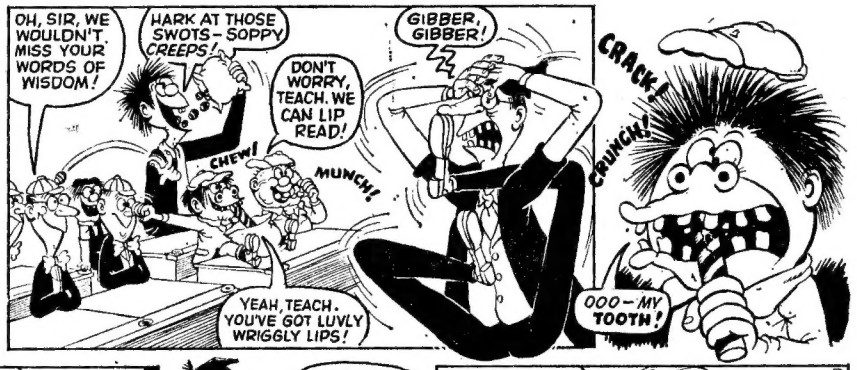


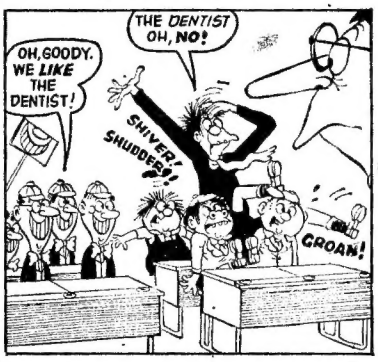
...THE FACE OF THE MOON MONSTER!

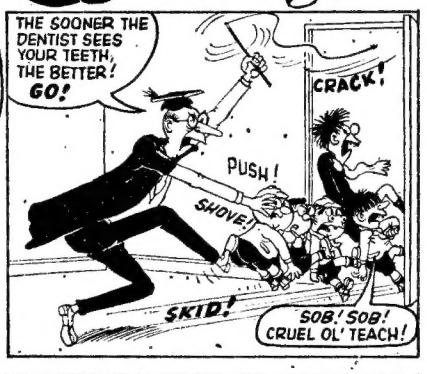
NEXT WEEK'S SMASH CONTAINS THE FINAL STAGGERING INSTALMENT OF MOON MADNESS. YOU DARE NOT MISS THE SURPRISE ENDING!

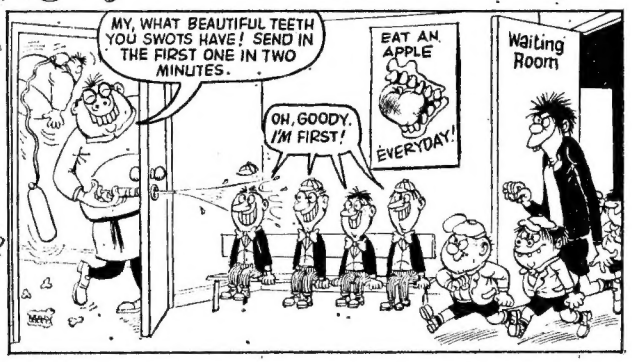
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

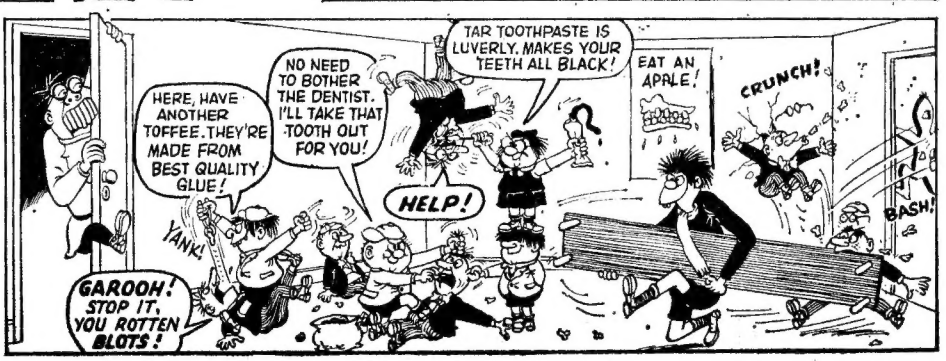


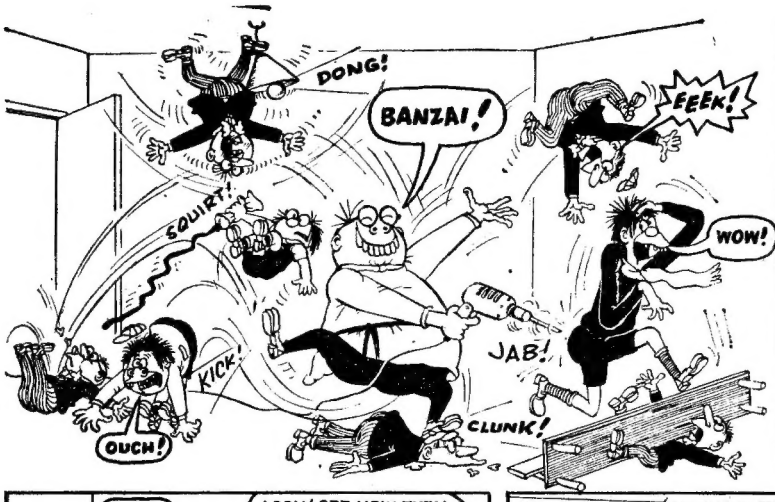






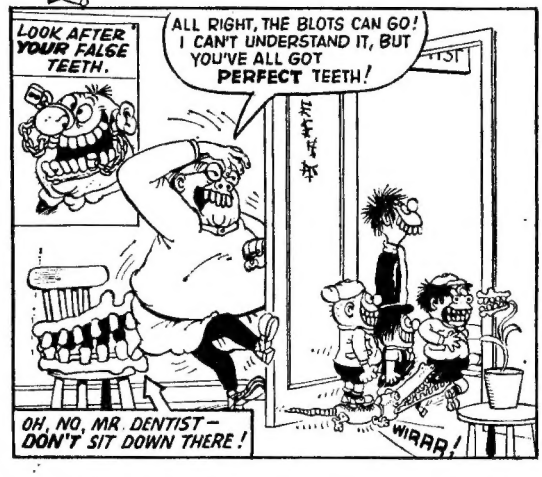





DONG!
BANZAI!
EEEK!
SQUIRT!
WOW!
JAB!
KICK!
CLUNK!
OUCH!

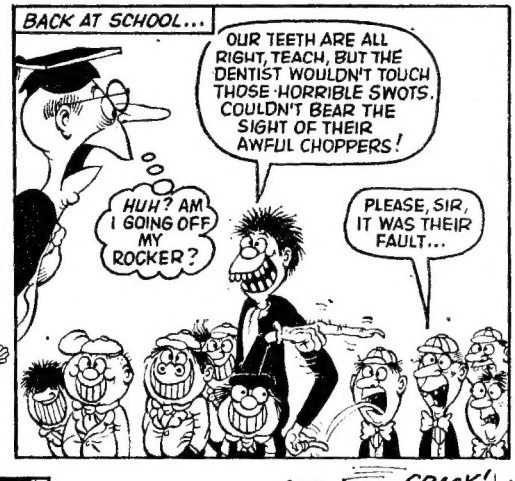
YOU HORRIBLE SWOTS HAVE ALL GOT BAD TEETH NOW-YOU'RE AS BAD AS THE BLOTS!
BUT, SIR, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH US BLOTS- OUR TEETH ARE PERFECT!

UH?
LOOK! SEE HOW THEY SHINE! YEAH—EVEN MY COMB HASN'T GOT ONE BAD TOOTH!

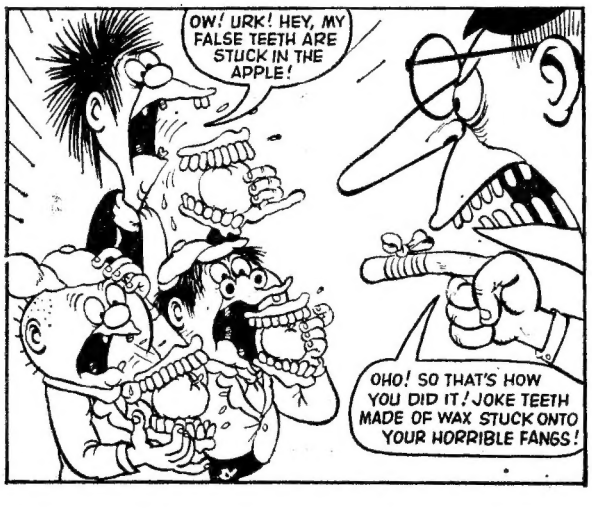

LOOK AFTER YOUR FALSE TEETH.
ALL RIGHT, THE BLOTS CAN GO! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, BUT YOU'VE ALL GOT PERFECT TEETH!
OH, NO, MR. DENTIST— DON'T SIT DOWN THERE!
WIRRR!

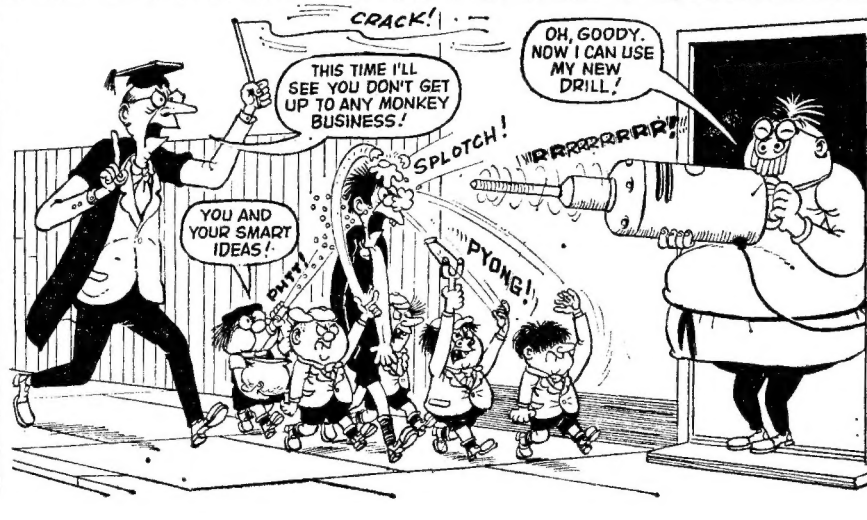
DENTIST
EEK! WHO PUT THAT ON MY CHAIR? YOU ROTTEN SWOTS!
WHAT'S THIS EAR?
HEH, HEH! I THINK THE DENTIST'S GOT BITTEN!
LETTERS

DENTIST
GET OUT! I'M NOT FIXING YOUR HORRID TEETH FOR YOU. GO ON, BACK TO SCHOOL!
OH, NO! TEACH WON'T LIKE US!


BACK AT SCHOOL...
OUR TEETH ARE ALL RIGHT, TEACH, BUT THE DENTIST WOULDN'T TOUCH THOSE HORRIBLE SWOTS. COULDN'T BEAR THE SIGHT OF THEIR AWFUL CHOPPERS!
HUH? AM I GOING OFF MY ROCKER?
PLEASE, SIR, IT WAS THEIR FAULT...

I WANT NO EXCUSES—ALL YOU SWOTS WRITE OUT FIFTY-THOUSAND LINES— I MUST BRUSH MY TEETH EVERY DAY AND NOT TELL LIES TO TEACHER. AND HERE IS A REWARD FOR THE BLOTS.
OH, THANK YOU, TEACHER.

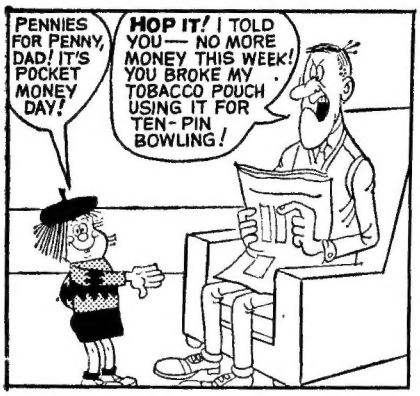

OW! URK! HEY, MY FALSE TEETH ARE STUCK IN THE APPLE!
OHO! SO THAT'S HOW YOU DID IT! JOKE TEETH MADE OF WAX STUCK ONTO YOUR HORRIBLE FANGS!


CRACK!
THIS TIME I'LL SEE YOU DON'T GET UP TO ANY MONKEY BUSINESS!
OH, GOODY. NOW I CAN USE MY NEW DRILL!
SPLOTCH!
RRRRRRRRR!
YOU AND YOUR SMART IDEAS!
PUTT!
PYONG!

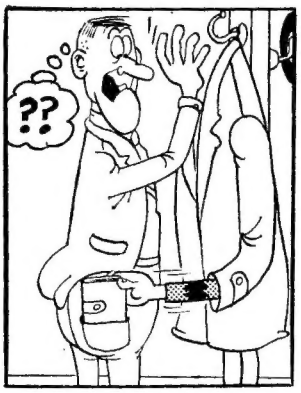
AMMO.

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY
1966


PENNIES FOR PENNY, DAD! IT'S POCKET MONEY DAY!
HOP IT! I TOLD YOU — NO MORE MONEY THIS WEEK! YOU BROKE MY TOBACCO POUCH USING IT FOR TEN-PIN BOWLING!

LATER...
THINK I'LL POP OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR!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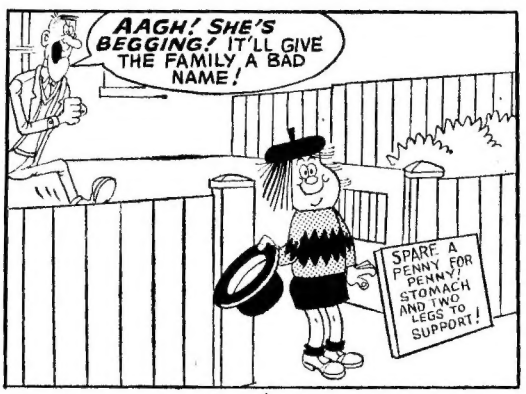
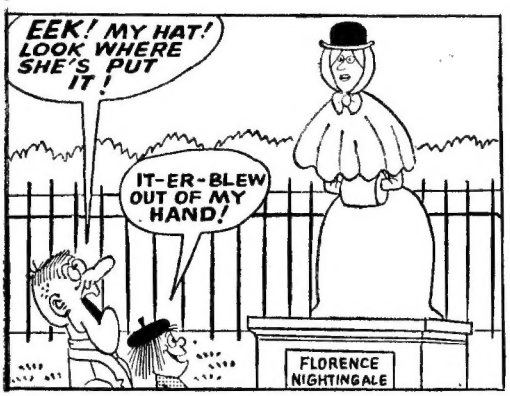
AHA, PENNY! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! GIVE ME THAT WALLET BACK AND HOP IT!

HELP! MY HAT'S GONE!

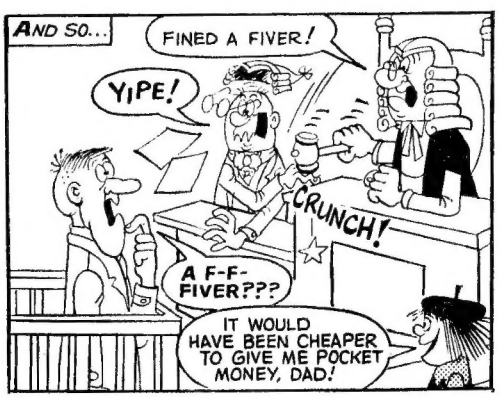

AAGH! SHE'S BEGGING! IT'LL GIVE THE FAMILY A BAD NAME!
SPARE A PENNY FOR PENNY! STOMACH AND TWO LEGS TO SUPPORT!

COME BACK! COME BACK WITH MY HAT, YOU PENNY-PINCHER!
'PENNY-PINCHER'! COO! DAD'S VERY CLEVER TODAY!

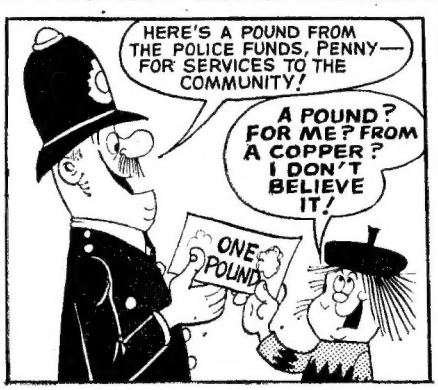
ALL RIGHT, THEN—WHERE IS IT? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH IT? LET'S HAVE IT!


EEK! MY HAT! LOOK WHERE SHE'S PUT IT!
IT-ER-BLEW OUT OF MY HAND!
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

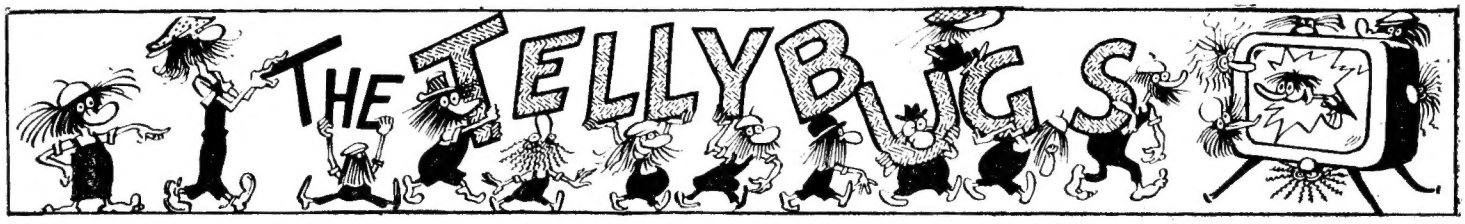
HALLO! WHAT'S THIS? CAN'T HAVE BLOKES CLIMBING ALL OVER THE TOWN'S STATUES!
GRRR!

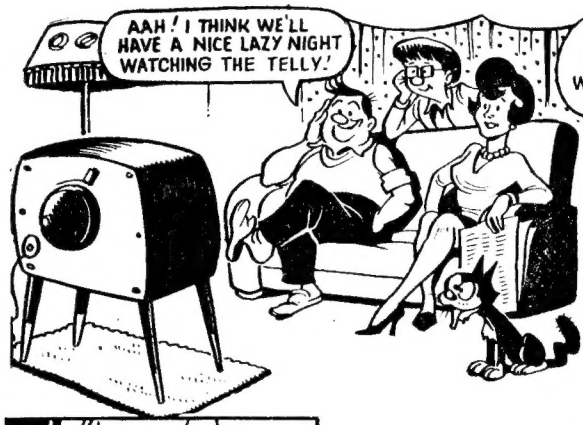

AND SO...
FINED A FIVER!
YIPE!
CRUNCH!
A F-F-FIVER???
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CHEAPER TO GIVE ME POCKET MONEY, DAD!

THAT'S FIVE HUNDRED QUID WE'VE TAKEN IN FINES THIS YEAR—AND NEARLY ALL THANKS TO PENNY PINCHING PARKING SIGNS AND THE LIKE! THE LITTLE NUISANCE HAS HER USES!


HERE'S A POUND FROM THE POLICE FUNDS, PENNY—FOR SERVICES TO THE COMMUNITY!
A POUND? FOR ME? FROM A COPPER? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
ONE POUND

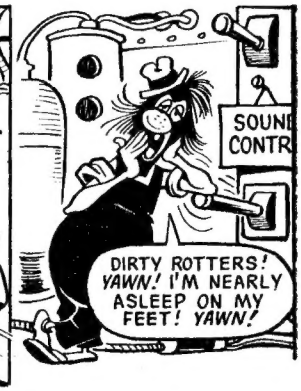
MMM!
HELP! WHERE DID SHE GET THE MONEY? I'M BROKE!

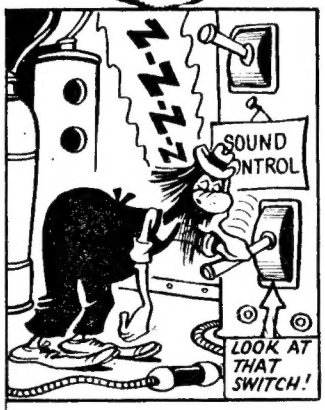

THE JELLYBUGS

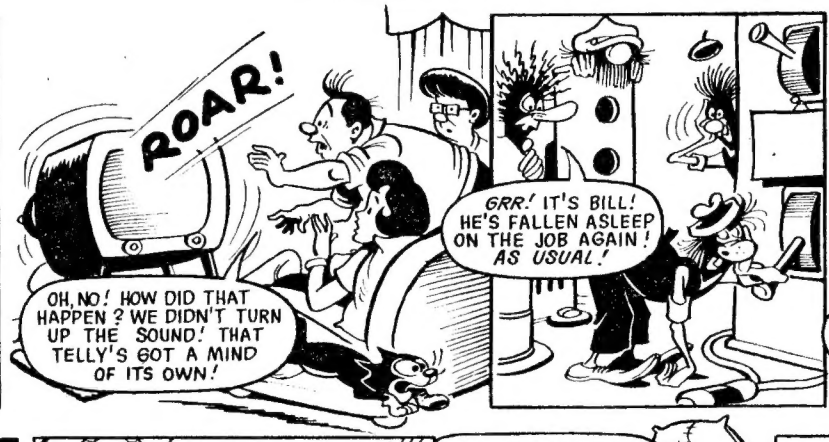

AAH! I THINK WE'LL HAVE A NICE LAZY NIGHT WATCHING THE TELLY!

HUH! IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR THEM, BUT WE'VE GOT TO WATCH THE CONTROLS AND EVERYTHING!
WELL, I'M NOT DOIN' ANY MORE WORK! I'VE HAD A HARD DAY! I'M OFF TO BED! YAWN!

OH, NO, YOU DON'T! IT'S YOUR TURN TO WATCH THE SOUND CONTROL TONIGHT!
ERK!


SOUND CONTR
DIRTY ROTTERS! YAWN! I'M NEARLY ASLEEP ON MY FEET! YAWN!


Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
SOUND CONTROL
LOOK AT THAT SWITCH!


ROAR!
OH, NO! HOW DID THAT HAPPEN? WE DIDN'T TURN UP THE SOUND! THAT TELLY'S GOT A MIND OF ITS OWN!
GRR! IT'S BILL! HE'S FALLEN ASLEEP ON THE JOB AGAIN! AS USUAL!

GRR! WAKE UP, YOU LAZY BLIGHTER!
HELP! WH-WHAT? WHERE AM I?
IF YOU FALL ASLEEP AGAIN—YOU'RE FOR IT!

BUT TWO TICKS LATER...!
GONE!
HELP! HE'S GONE! BILL'S DESERTED HIS POST!

Z-Z-Z-Z
GRR! THERE HE IS! FAST ASLEEP IN HIS BED! LET'S TEACH THE BLIGHTER A LESSON!

HELP! THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK ME!

BIFF!
THUMP!
YOU WON'T TAKE ME WITHOUT A FIGHT!
STEADY ON!
OUCH!

HELP! THERE ARE FEATHERS EVERYWHERE!
I CAN HARDLY SEE A THING!
WHERE IS HE? GRRRR!

BAH! LET'S GO TO BED! SCREEN'S ALL 'SNOW' AGAIN! CAN'T SEE A THING!

GOOD OLD BILL! AN EARLY NIGHT! YIPPEEE!
HAH! IT'S 'GOOD OLD BILL' NOW! I CAN GET A GOOD SLEEP AT LAST!

ROLLO STONES and DANNY CHARTERS

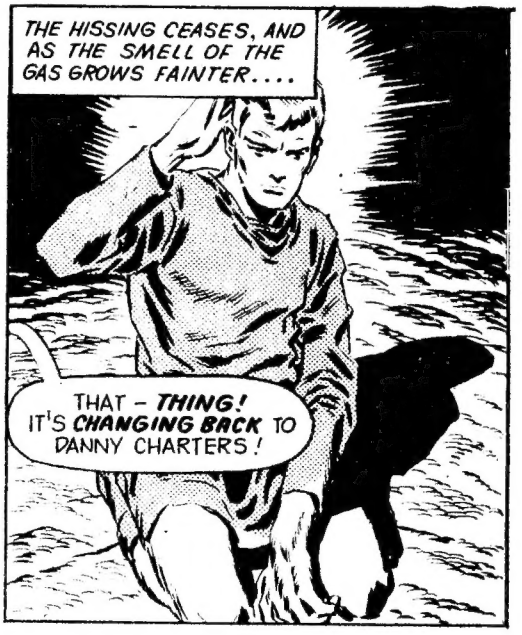
THE LEGEND TESTERS

THWA-ACK!

THERE'S STILL THAT STRANGE SMELL IN THE AIR – AND A FAINT SOUND. LIKE THE SOFT HISS OF A STRIKING SNAKE!

SSSSSSS
SO THAT'S IT! GAS!! COMING FROM THIS HOLE IN THE WALL!

MY HANDKERCHIEF! I'LL USE IT AS A PLUG!


THE HISSING CEASES, AND AS THE SMELL OF THE GAS GROWS FAINTER....
THAT – THING! IT'S CHANGING BACK TO DANNY CHARTERS!

AND, THROUGH THE EYES OF DANNY...
IT IS ROLLO!
ROLLO! WHAT HAPPENED TO US?
THE GAS THAT CAME INTO THIS CHAMBER MUST HAVE HAD SOME DEVILISH EFFECT UPON OUR MINDS! IT MADE US SEE EACH OTHER AS MONSTERS!

IN A HIGH CHAMBER IN DEATH CASTLE, THE BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL IS STILL IN SESSION!
SO, NECRO THE SORCEROR! THE MAN STONES AND HIS COMPANION HAVE SURVIVED YOUR TRICKS! IT SEEMS THEY ARE PROVING THEMSELVES WORTHY FOR US TO PRACTISE OUR ARTS UPON!
ONE MORE PAGE STILL TO COME — SO TURN OVER!

COUNT CADAVO'S GLITTERING EYES TURN UPON THE UNSPEAKABLY UGLY DWARF...
AND NOW, BALBIN, IT IS YOUR TURN!
OUR VISITORS SHALL MEET MY TROLLS! THE LITTLE ONES WHO DWELL IN THE UNDER-EARTH!

IN THE CAVERNOUS DUNGEON...
THIS DOOR IS OUR ONLY WAY OUT OF HERE. I CANNOT GUESS AT WHAT NAMELESS HORRORS MAY LIE BEYOND IT. BUT WE MUST PASS THROUGH IT!

IT SEEMS TO LEAD DOWN TO THE HEART OF THE WORLD!

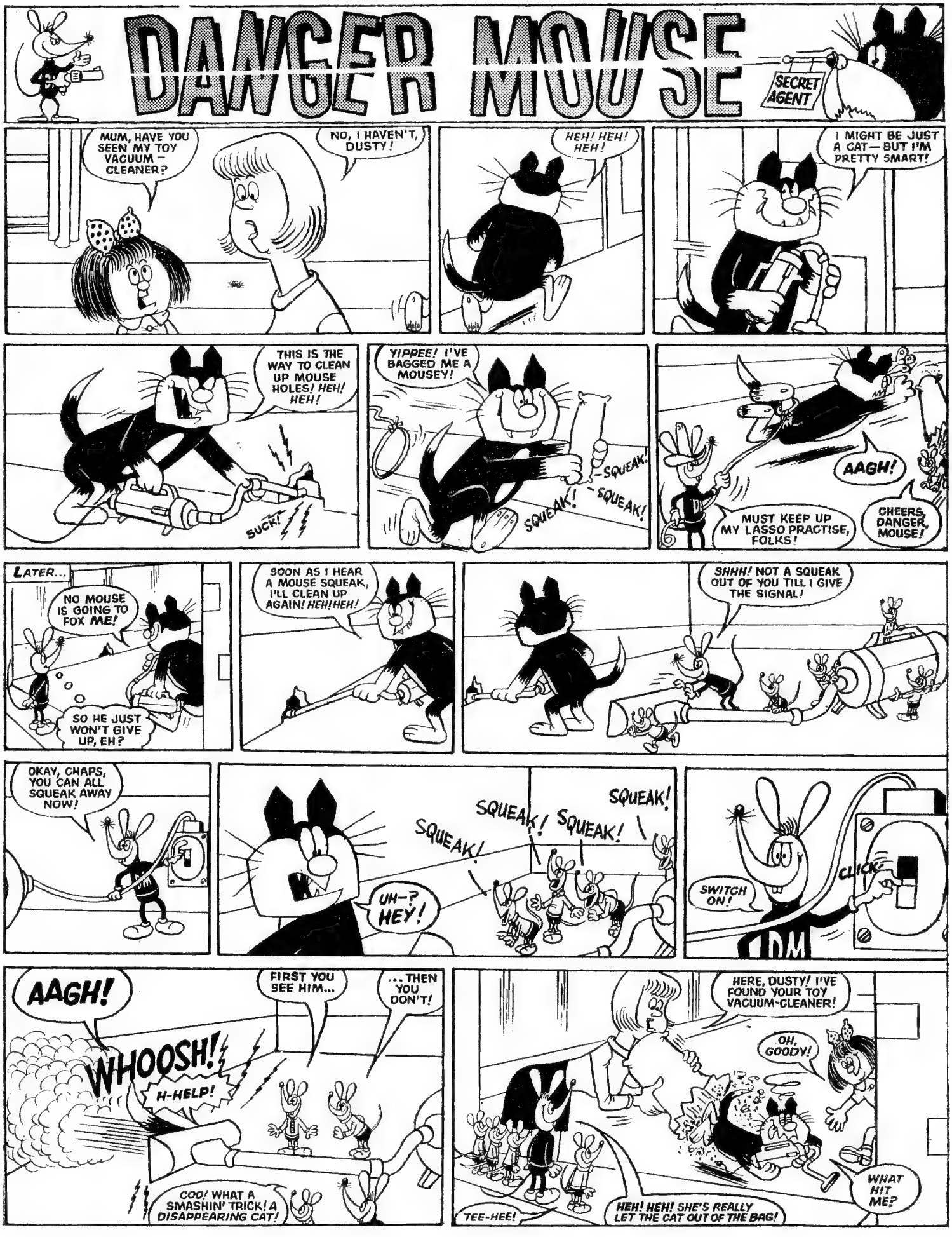
AS THEY WALK SLOWLY OVER THE EARTHEN FLOOR, A SOUR, DANK SMELL GROWS EVER STRONGER IN THEIR NOSTRILS...
THIS PASSAGE HAS BEEN CARVED OUT OF THE LIVING EARTH!
AND IT'S LIT BY THE GLOW FROM THE STRANGE QUARTZ IN THE ROCK!

DOWN... DOWN THEY GO —TO REACH, AT LAST, A SECOND DOOR...
OPEN IT, DANNY!

THE DOOR IS STIFF—AS THOUGH IT HAS NOT BEEN OPENED FOR COUNTLESS CENTURIES . . .

...AND ON THE OTHER SIDE...
WELCOME! WELCOME TO THE UNDER-EARTH!

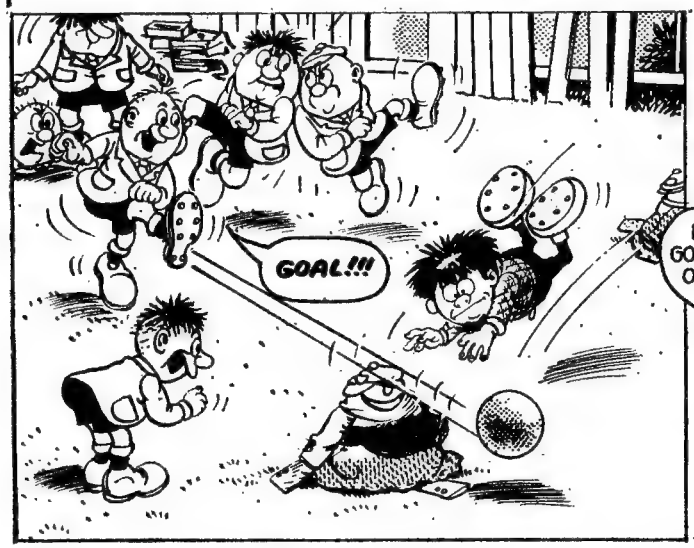
NEXT INSTANT, ROLLO AND DANNY ARE FIGHTING FOR THEIR VERY LIVES!
WOW! WE KNOW YOU CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN! WE'RE GETTING THE NEXT SMASH OUT JUST AS FAST AS WE CAN—BUT IT'S STILL GOING TO TAKE A WHOLE WEEK!


DANGER MOUSE
SECRET AGENT
MUM, HAVE YOU SEEN MY TOY VACUUM-CLEANER?
NO, I HAVEN'T, DUSTY!
HEH! HEH! HEH!
I MIGHT BE JUST A CAT— BUT I'M PRETTY SMART!
THIS IS THE WAY TO CLEAN UP MOUSE HOLES! HEH! HEH!
SUCK!
YIPPEE! I'VE BAGGED ME A MOUSEY!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
AAGH!
MUST KEEP UP MY LASSO PRACTISE, FOLKS!
CHEERS, DANGER, MOUSE!
LATER...
NO MOUSE IS GOING TO FOX ME!
SO HE JUST WON'T GIVE UP, EH?
SOON AS I HEAR A MOUSE SQUEAK, I'LL CLEAN UP AGAIN! HEH! HEH!
SHHH! NOT A SQUEAK OUT OF YOU TILL I GIVE THE SIGNAL!
OKAY, CHAPS, YOU CAN ALL SQUEAK AWAY NOW!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
UH—? HEY!
SWITCH ON!
CLICK
DM
AAGH!
WHOOSH!
H-HELP!
FIRST YOU SEE HIM...
...THEN YOU DON'T!
COO! WHAT A SMASHIN' TRICK! A DISAPPEARING CAT!
HERE, DUSTY! I'VE FOUND YOUR TOY VACUUM-CLEANER!
OH, GOODY!
WHAT HIT ME?
TEE-HEE!
HEH! HEH! SHE'S REALLY LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG!

SPACE JINX
YO-HO-HO!
TALLY-HO!
HELP!
THE SPACE-PIRATES ARE OFF IN SEARCH OF GREENBEARD'S TREASURE, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY THE CREW OF JINX'S ROCKET-SHIP. BUT POOR OLD JINX IS LEFT STRANDED!
PAT PAT
STRANDED! WITH ONLY A GREAT BIG FEATHER-FACED BIRD FOR COMPANY—AND SHE THINKS I'M HER CHICK!
CLUCK! MY LITTLE CHICKADEE LOOKS BROODY!
13
WITH NO FUEL, HOW CAN I FLY OFF THIS ROTTEN ASTEROID?
IDEA!
COME ON! GET FLAPPING!
???
FOLLOW THAT ROCKET!
FLAP!
FLAP!
ROGER AND OUT!
FLAP-FLAP!
FLAP!
MEANWHILE, IN THE PIRATES' CRAFT...
THAT'S THE PLANET WE'RE MAKING FOR! LEFT HAND DOWN A BIT!
'LEFT HAND DOWN' IT IS, PROF!
MAP
WE'LL SOON GET HOLD OF GREENBEARD'S TREASURE!
WE'VE MADE IT, BOYS! THROW OUT THE ANCHOR!
SKIDDDDD!
SCREE-EECH!

WE'VE MADE IT SAFELY, BOYS!
HOORAY!
?
SCREE-EECH!
KER-UNCH
OUCH! OOH, ME HEAD! GET YOUR FOOT OUT OF MY EAR!
YIKE! I SPOKE TOO SOON!
KA-THWACK
OUCH! ME HEAD!
OUCH! ME BEAK!!
GRRR! WHO DID THAT?
DID YOU DENT MY SAUCER? YOU SCURVY SKY-HOG!
N-N-N-NO- IT WAS HIM!
WHERE AM I?
IT'S JINX!
LET'S MAKE HIM WALK THE PLANK.
TRUST HIM TO MUCK THINGS UP!
GOOD IDEA!
I SUGGEST WE HAVE A TRUCE UNTIL WE'VE GOT RID OF JINX ONCE AND FOR ALL.
AGREED!
GROAN!
GO ON! WALK THE PLANK OR WE'LL HAVE PLEASURE IN BLOWING YOU OFF THE FACE OF THIS PLANET!
ULP!
HA-HA-HA! HO-HO-HO! HEE-HEE-HEE!
SOMEHOW I JUST DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO SEE THE JOKE!
WOW! IF JINX FALLS INTO THE VOLCANO, HE'S FINISHED! AND YOU WILL ERUPT INTO FUN IN NEXT WEEK'S KNOCK-OUT INSTALMENT!

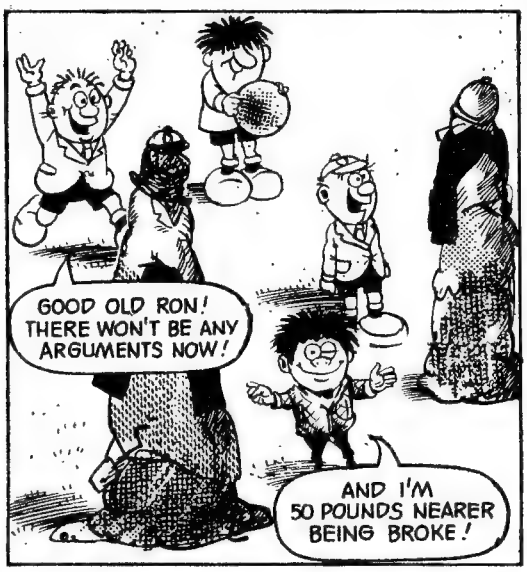
RONNIE RICH

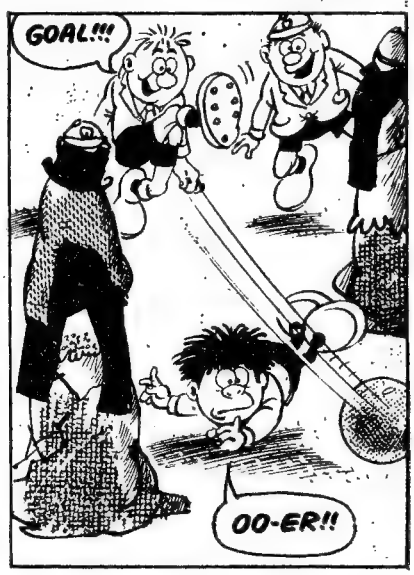

GOAL!!!

IT WASN'T A GOAL! IT WENT OVER THE POST!
IT DIDN'T! IT WAS INSIDE THE JACKET! IT WAS A GOAL!
IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME WHEN YOU USE JACKETS FOR GOALPOSTS!

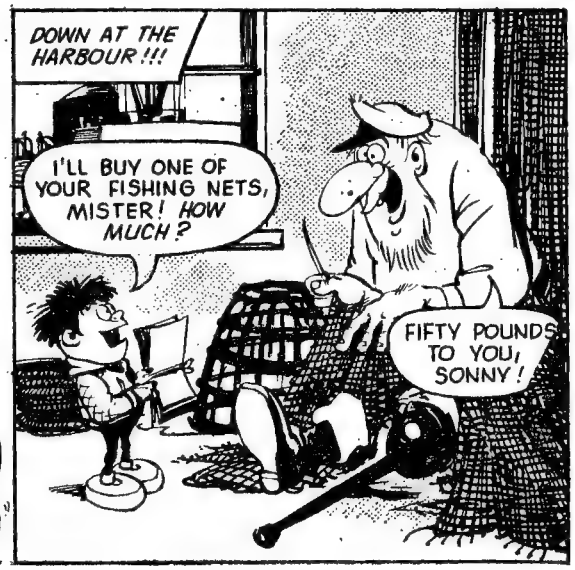
WOW! LOOK WHO'S HERE! THAT'S A STROKE OF LUCK!

I'LL BUY ALL YOUR RAGS, MISTER! WILL 50 POUNDS BE ENOUGH?
FIFTY QUID! NOT HALF!

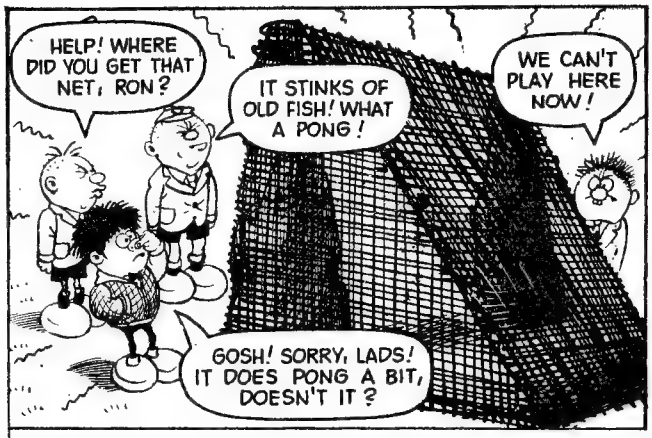

GOOD OLD RON! THERE WON'T BE ANY ARGUMENTS NOW!
AND I'M 50 POUNDS NEARER BEING BROKE!


GOAL!!!
OO-ER!!

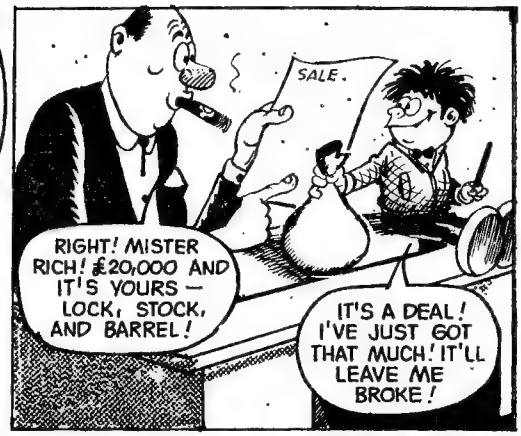
PHEW! WE NEED NETS, TOO! I'VE ALWAYS GOT TO RUN AFTER THE BALL! GASP!

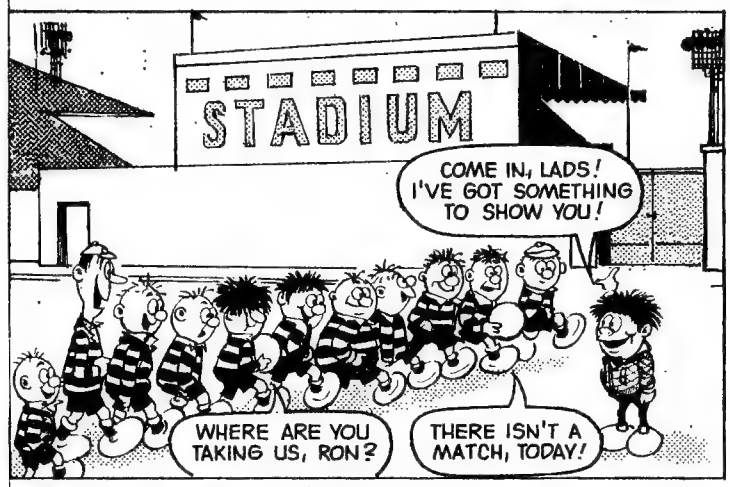

DOWN AT THE HARBOUR!!!
I'LL BUY ONE OF YOUR FISHING NETS, MISTER! HOW MUCH?
FIFTY POUNDS TO YOU, SONNY!

U.D.C. TIP
COO!
I WON'T HAVE TO CHASE AFTER THE BALL NOW!


HELP! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT NET, RON?
IT STINKS OF OLD FISH! WHAT A PONG!
WE CAN'T PLAY HERE NOW!
GOSH! SORRY, LADS! IT DOES PONG A BIT, DOESN'T IT?

WOW! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE? I KNOW HOW I CAN SPEND ALL MY MONEY- THEN I'LL BE BROKE AND CAN GET MY HANDS ON GRANNIE'S MILLION POUNDS!


SALE.
RIGHT! MISTER RICH! £20,000 AND IT'S YOURS — LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL!
IT'S A DEAL! I'VE JUST GOT THAT MUCH! IT'LL LEAVE ME BROKE!


STADIUM
COME IN, LADS! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US, RON?
THERE ISN'T A MATCH, TODAY!

IT'S ALL YOURS, LADS! I BOUGHT IT FOR YOU! THERE WON'T BE ANY ARGUMENTS NOW!
HELP! RON'S BOUGHT THE ROVERS' FOOTBALL GROUND!

HEH! HEH! I ALWAYS FANCIED BEING A FOOTBALL MANAGER! I'M MANAGER OF THE GREEN STREET LADS NOW!

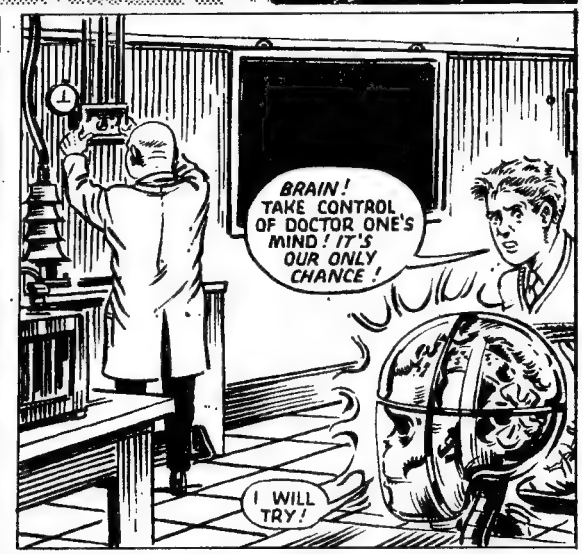
I'VE ARRANGED A MATCH WITH THE BLACK STREET MOB, RON — KICK-OFF AT 3 O'CLOCK!
SPLENDID, ARCHIBALD! PICK THE TEAM AND GET ON WITH IT!

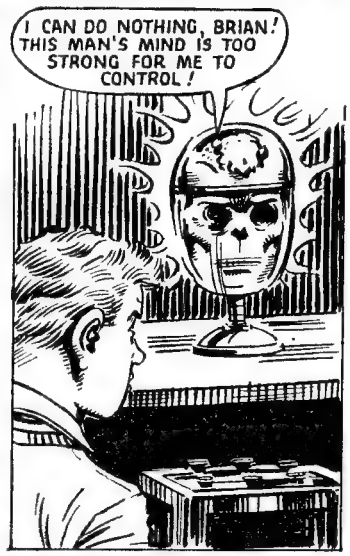
LATER...
I'LL PHONE UP MY LAWYER NOW AND ARRANGE TO COLLECT GRANNIE'S MILLION POUNDS! I CAN INHERIT IT NOW I'M BROKE!

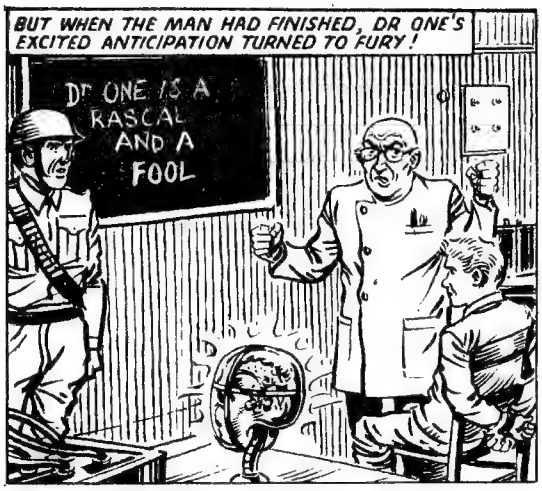
ROAR!
ROAR!
HELP! WHA-WHAT'S THAT?
EEK! WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE STANDS ARE FULL OF PEOPLE!!!

AFTER THE MATCH!
AS YOU SPENT ALL YOUR MONEY ON THE GROUND, RON, WE CHARGED A BOB A TIME AT THE TURNSTILES AND WE GOT A 20,000 CROWD!
OH, NO!!! A THOUSAND QUID! I'M NOT BROKE ANY MORE!

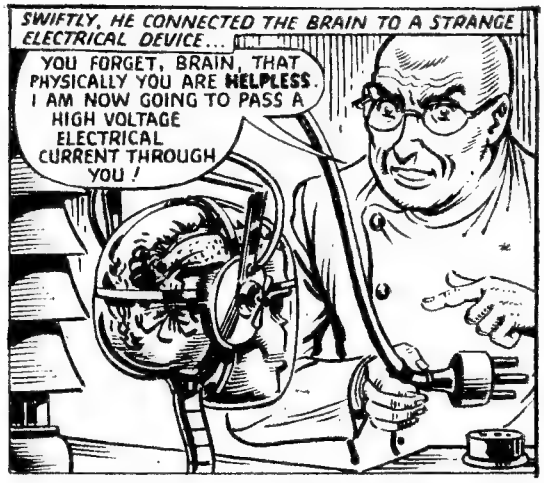
BRIAN'S BRAIN

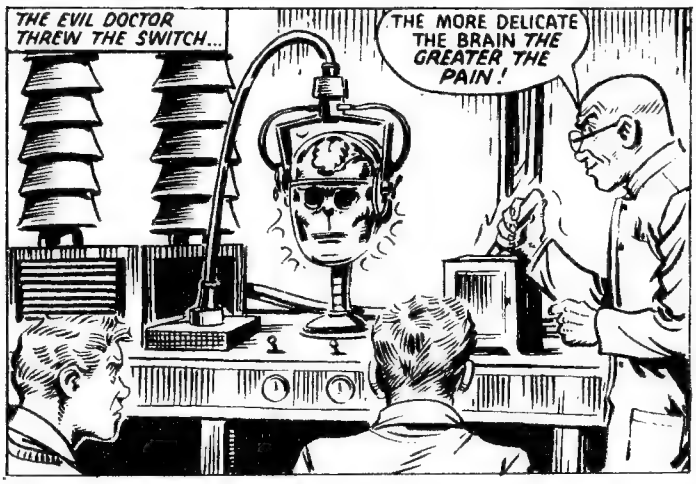


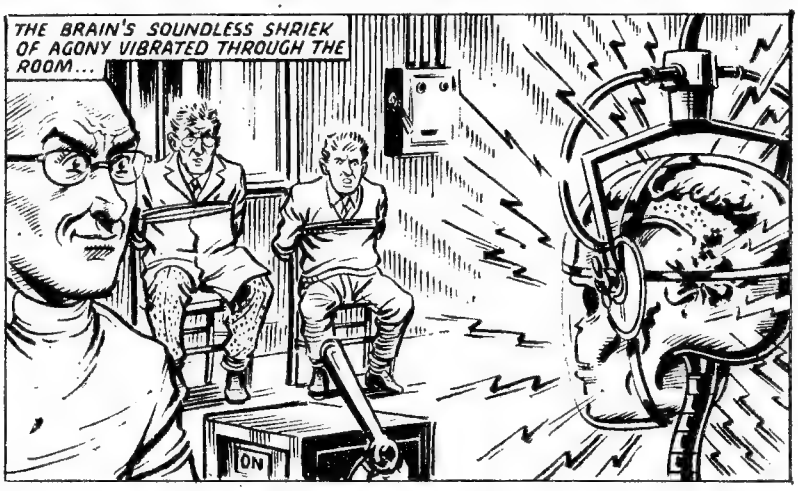


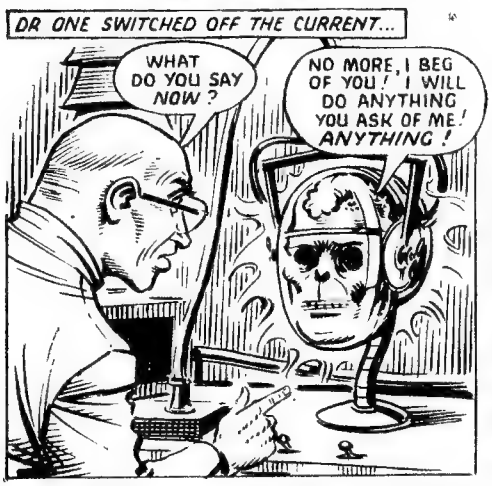

BUT WHEN THE MAN HAD FINISHED, DR ONE'S EXCITED ANTICIPATION TURNED TO FURY!
DR ONE IS A RASCAL AND A FOOL

SO! YOU THINK YOU CAN DEFY ME! WE SHALL SEE!


SWIFTLY, HE CONNECTED THE BRAIN TO A STRANGE ELECTRICAL DEVICE...
YOU FORGET, BRAIN, THAT PHYSICALLY YOU ARE HELPLESS. I AM NOW GOING TO PASS A HIGH VOLTAGE ELECTRICAL CURRENT THROUGH YOU!


THE EVIL DOCTOR THREW THE SWITCH...
THE MORE DELICATE THE BRAIN THE GREATER THE PAIN!


THE BRAIN'S SOUNDLESS SHRIEK OF AGONY VIBRATED THROUGH THE ROOM...
ON


DR ONE SWITCHED OFF THE CURRENT...
WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW?
NO MORE, I BEG OF YOU! I WILL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK OF ME! ANYTHING!

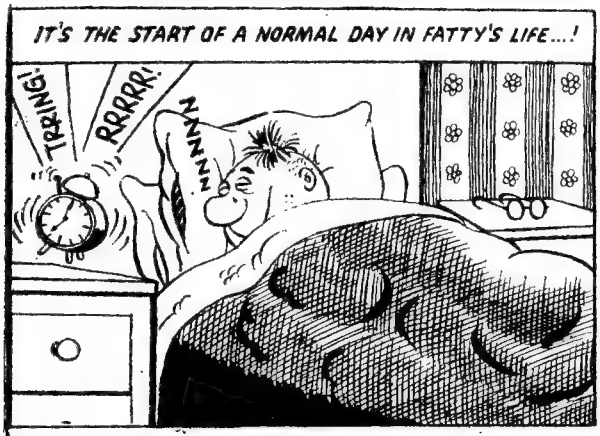
WITH THE BRAIN AT HIS COMMAND, THERE IS NO END TO THE EVIL THIS SO-CALLED DOCTOR CAN UNLEASH UPON THE WORLD!

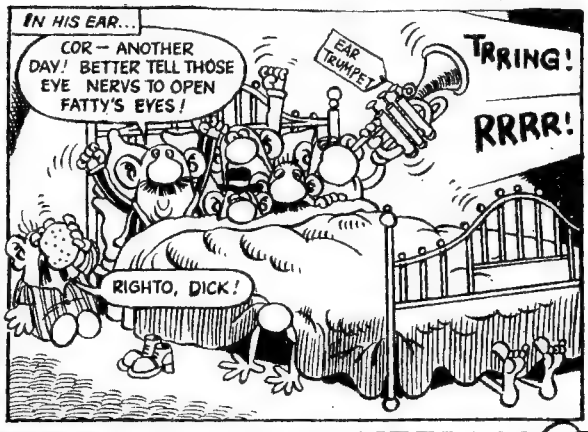
MEANWHILE, THE ESCAPED GORILLA THAT HAD HELPED BRIAN HAD RETURNED TO THE ARMY CAMP TO REVENGE ITSELF UPON THE MAN WHO HAD TRIED TO DESTROY IT...

A SHATTERED WINDOW WAS THE FIRST THE COLONEL KNEW OF HIS TERRIBLE DANGER...
GRRAAAGH!

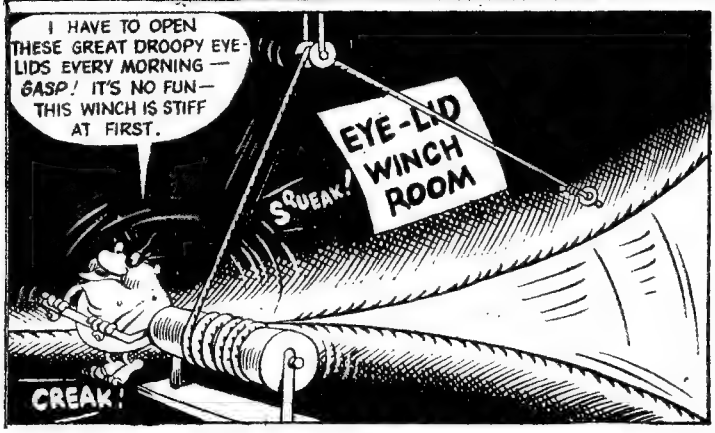
THEN A MASSIVE ARM SMASHED HIM INTO SENSELESSNESS!
UGH!
Next Week: THE BEAST'S REVENGE BRINGS STARTLING RESULTS!

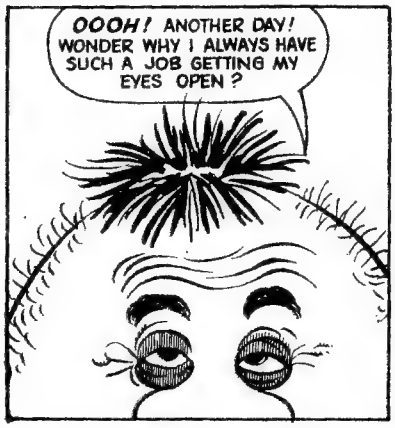
THE NERVS


IT'S THE START OF A NORMAL DAY IN FATTY'S LIFE...!
TRRING!
RRRRR!
NNNN

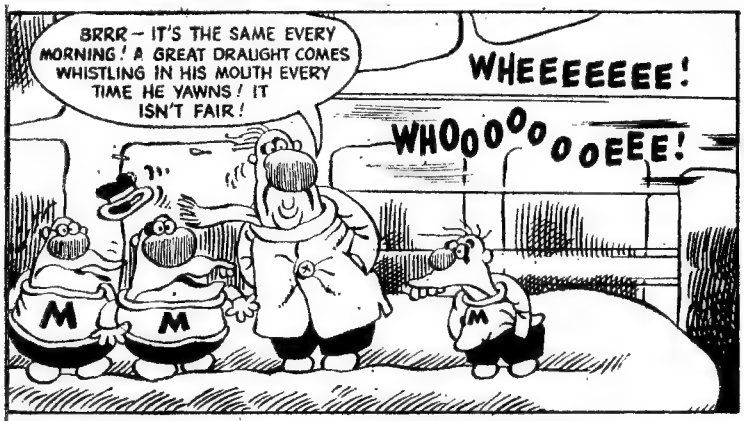

IN HIS EAR...
COR — ANOTHER DAY! BETTER TELL THOSE EYE NERVS TO OPEN FATTY'S EYES!
EAR TRUMPET
TRRING!
RRRR!
RIGHTO, DICK!

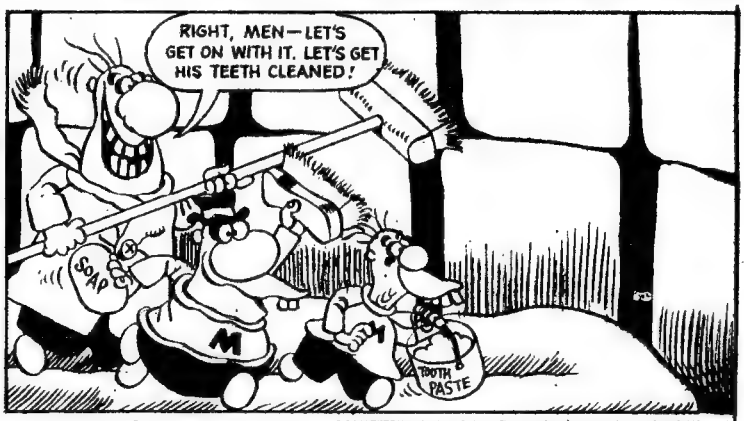
O.K., SAM, I'LL OPEN THEM RIGHT AWAY!


I HAVE TO OPEN THESE GREAT DROOPY EYE-LIDS EVERY MORNING — GASP! IT'S NO FUN — THIS WINCH IS STIFF AT FIRST.
EYE-LID WINCH ROOM
SQUEAK!
CREAK!

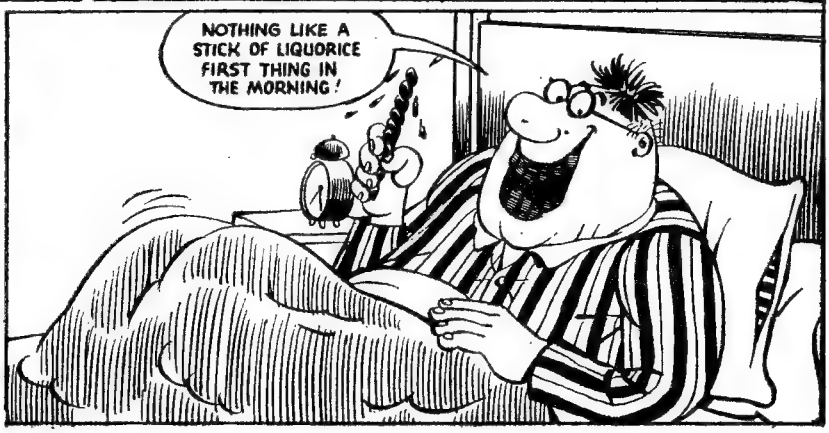

OOOH! ANOTHER DAY! WONDER WHY I ALWAYS HAVE SUCH A JOB GETTING MY EYES OPEN?

YAWN!

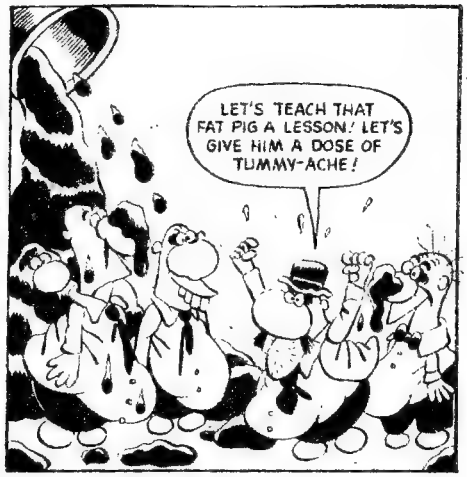

BRRR — IT'S THE SAME EVERY MORNING! A GREAT DRAUGHT COMES WHISTLING IN HIS MOUTH EVERY TIME HE YAWNS! IT ISN'T FAIR!
WHEEEEEEE!
WHOOOOOOOOEEE!
M
M
M

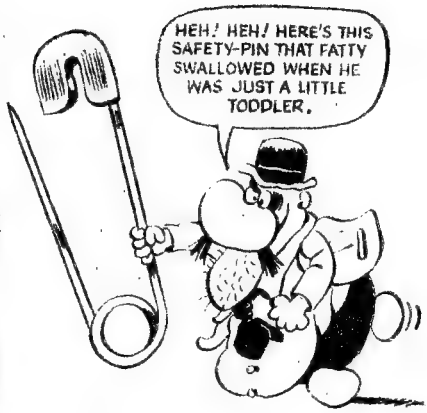

RIGHT, MEN — LET'S GET ON WITH IT. LET'S GET HIS TEETH CLEANED!
SOAP
M
TOOTH PASTE

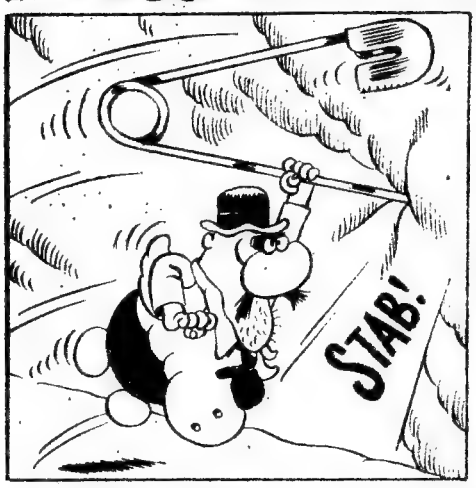
HELP WHAT'S HE EATING IN BED NOW?
TOOTH PASTE
SOAP


NOTHING LIKE A STICK OF LIQUORICE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

THROAT TUBE
STOMACH DEPT.
SPLUDGE!
HELP, HE'S AT IT AGAIN— EATING LIQUORICE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! IT SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED!

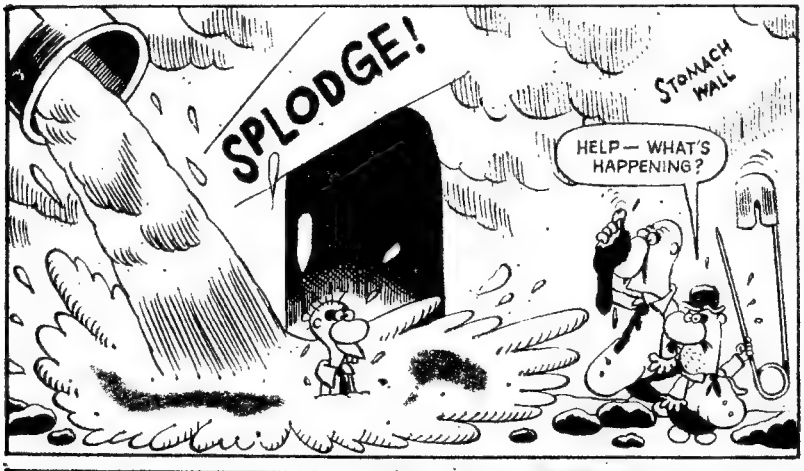

LET'S TEACH THAT FAT PIG A LESSON! LET'S GIVE HIM A DOSE OF TUMMY-ACHE!


HEH! HEH! HERE'S THIS SAFETY-PIN THAT FATTY SWALLOWED WHEN HE WAS JUST A LITTLE TODDLER.


STAB!

OOH! OOH! MY TUM—THE PAIN! THE PAIN!

GLUG!
CASTOR OIL
GROOH!— CASTOR-OIL'S HORRIBLE STUFF, BUT IT USUALLY DOES THE TRICK!


SPLODGE!
STOMACH WALL
HELP— WHAT'S HAPPENING?

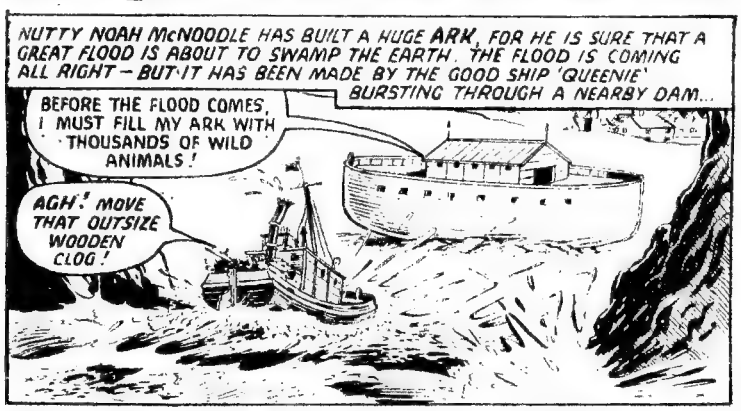
HELP! THE FIEND! HE'S DRINKING CASTOR-OIL AGAIN — WE'VE LOST THE SAFETY PIN!
SNATCH!

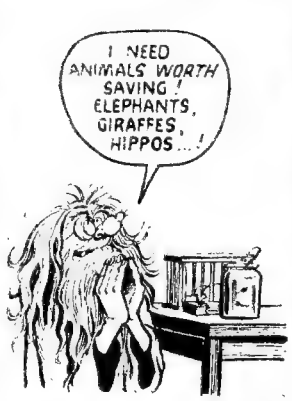
OH, NO! WE'VE HAD IT NOW! WE'LL NEVER SEE THAT PIN AGAIN! IT'LL BE CHOPPED UP INTO LITTLE BITS!
CHOMP!
GRIND!
RATTLE!
CRUNCH!
GRIND!
PULVERISATION UN

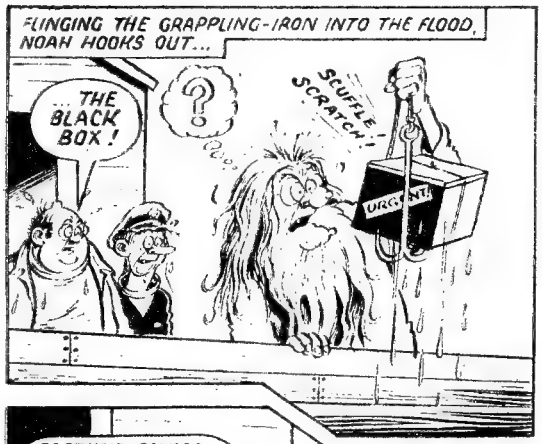
GREAT STUFF, CASTOR-OIL! THAT PAIN'S GONE!

CASTOR-OIL— BAH! WE HATE THE STUFF!
WISH I WAS A STOMACH NERVE ON A THIN CHAP— THEY SAY THEY HARDLY GET ANY WORK!

QUEEN OF THE

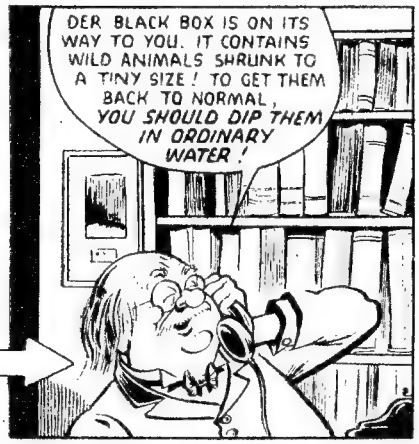


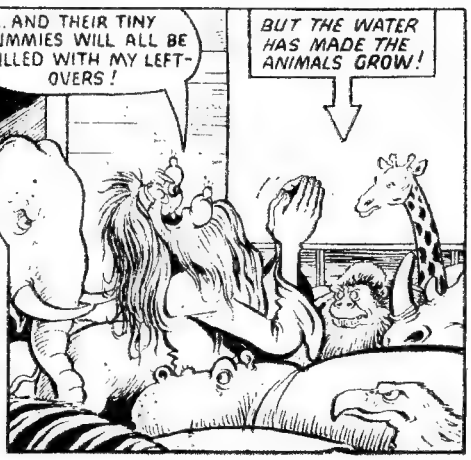




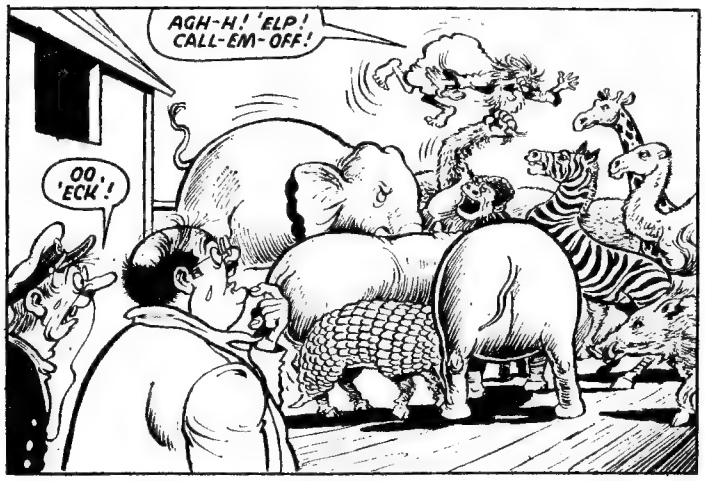
THIS MYSTERIOUS BOX FELL OFF 'QUEENIE' WHEN SHE RAMMED THE DAM. ENOCH AND BERT WERE DELIVERING IT TO EDINBURGH FOR PROFESSOR SCHMIT– WITH INSTRUCTIONS NOT TO GET IT WET!

AND HERE'S THE REASON, SHIPMATES!

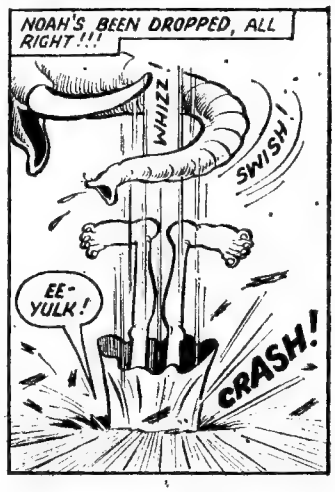


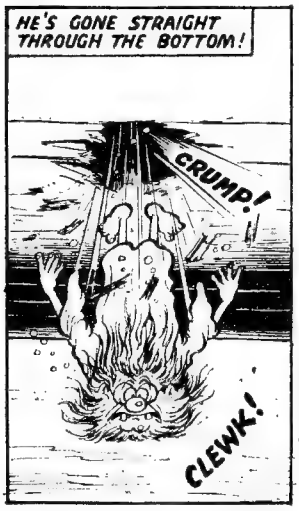


SEAS


AGH-H! 'ELP! CALL-EM-OFF!
OO, 'ECK!

AWLK! NO! NO! DROP ME!


NOAH'S BEEN DROPPED, ALL RIGHT!!!
WHIZZ!
SWISH!
EE-YULK!
CRASH!


HE'S GONE STRAIGHT THROUGH THE BOTTOM!
CRUMP!
CLEWK!

BUT AFTER A QUICK TURN-ROUND, NOAH HEADS BACK TOWARDS THE HOLE!
SUCK!
GLULL-ULK!

ARGLE! UGGLE! GL'ELP!
SHEESH! WE'VE SPRUNG A WATER SPOUT!
ABANDON ARK!

TAKE TO THE FLOOD!
AAGH! HELP! SAVE ME!

GLURGLE-ARGLE-'ELP! I RESIGN! FIND SOME OTHER NIT! I DON'T WANT TO SAVE ANY WILD ANIMALS!
EEK! ALL THOSE ANIMALS ARE TRYING TO GET ABOARD! THEY'LL SINK US!
HEAD FOR THE OPEN SEA — IF WE CAN FIND IT!
THERE'S A 'WHALE' OF A STORY COMING YOUR WAY NEXT WEEK, READERS!

Percy's Pets

HO-HO! DAD PUT STUDS ON THE BANISTER TO STOP ME SLIDING DOWN, BUT PETE PYTHON SOON FIXED THAT!
HUH! EVER GET THE FEELING YOU'RE BEING USED?
AAGH!
OH, NO! I'VE HIT MUM!
?
LOOK AT THAT MESS! YOU GET IT MOPPED UP — OR ELSE!
Y-YES, MUM! RIGHT AWAY, MUM!
ATTABOY, RINGO! MOP IT UP! THAT'S A GOOD LAD!
HUH! IT'S NO FUN BEING HAIRY! YOU JUST GET USED AS A BLOOMING MOP!
SHORT BACK AND SIDES, CHIMPY! ALL OVER!
THEY TELL ME THE ROVERS HAVE GOT A NEW CENTRE-FORWARD.
SNIP! SNIP!
HEH-HEH! PERCY CAN'T USE ME AS A MOP NOW!
BRRR! IT'S B-B-BLOOMING C-COLD, THOUGH! I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!
SHRIEK! MY FUR COAT!
I REALLY MUST HAVE A WORD WITH PERCY ABOUT THOSE PETS OF HIS!
BRRR! R-R-ROTTER!
I'M AN OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG, AREN'T I?
MUM'S BUNION
AAGH! ME SHEEPSKIN JACKET!
ANY MORE NONSENSE — AND THAT DOG GOES!
AW, HE WAS ONLY COLD, DAD! THE CLOT'S HAD ALL HIS HAIR CUT OFF!
?
COME ON, PETE! I'VE GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU!
AAH! A SNAKESKIN COAT! I'M WARM AS TOAST NOW!
LIKE I SAID — EVER GET THE FEELING YOU'RE JUST BEING USED?

MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

TALL TALE

Have you ever wanted to know how high a tree was? Probably, and without climbing up to the top and dangling a bit of string down or using special instruments it would seem to be no easy job. But there is a simple way of measuring the height of a tree without leaving the ground.

The only thing you will need is a stick of which you know the exact length, say three feet. Then wait for a sunny day about tea time when the shadows are beginning to lengthen.

Measure the shadow of the tree from the furthest point of the shadow to the centre of the tree. Now drive the stick into the ground and measure the length of the shadow *that* casts. All you have got to worry about then is a simple bit of arithmetic. Say the shadow of the tree measures 40 feet and the shadow of the stick measures 6 feet. You know the length of the stick is only half that of the shadow. So the height of the tree must also be only half that of its shadow.

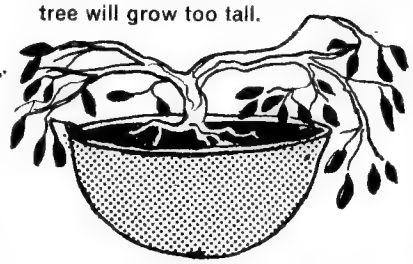
Button yoyo

Want to make your own yoyo? Couldn't be simpler. Just take two buttons of the same size and sew them together tightly back to back. Then take a piece of fine cord about two feet long and tie one end round the centre of the buttons. Make a loop at the other end for your finger and you are all set to go.

Some gardeners put fertilizer on their strawberries. But strawberries taste much better with cream on them!

MINIATURE TREES

Ever thought about growing a tree in half an orange? Probably not but it can be done. All you need is half an orange peel and the pips of an orange, or apple, or pear. Fill the orange peel with soil from the garden and plant your seeds. Water very lightly and watch out for roots growing through the orange peel. These should be cut off or else the tree will grow too tall.



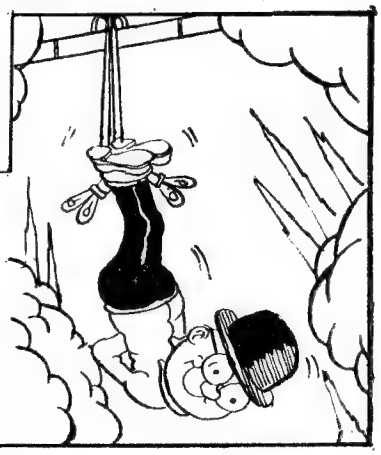
Teacher: "Why are you late?"
Pupil: "There are nine of us at home and the alarm clock was only set for eight."

HOT STUFF!

Here's something you can try at a party. Put several pennies in a cup then get someone to blindfold you. Now ask one of your guests to take a penny and look at the date, saying that when the penny is put back in the cup you will pick it out. But before the penny is put back in the cup invite the guests to pass the penny round to all your other guests so that they too might see the date. This is actually most important but nobody else will realise that. They will be just that much more impressed to think that you can fool everyone instead of just the one person. When the penny is finally put back in the cup you will be able to tell which one it is instantly because all the handling will have made it much warmer that the other coins.

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

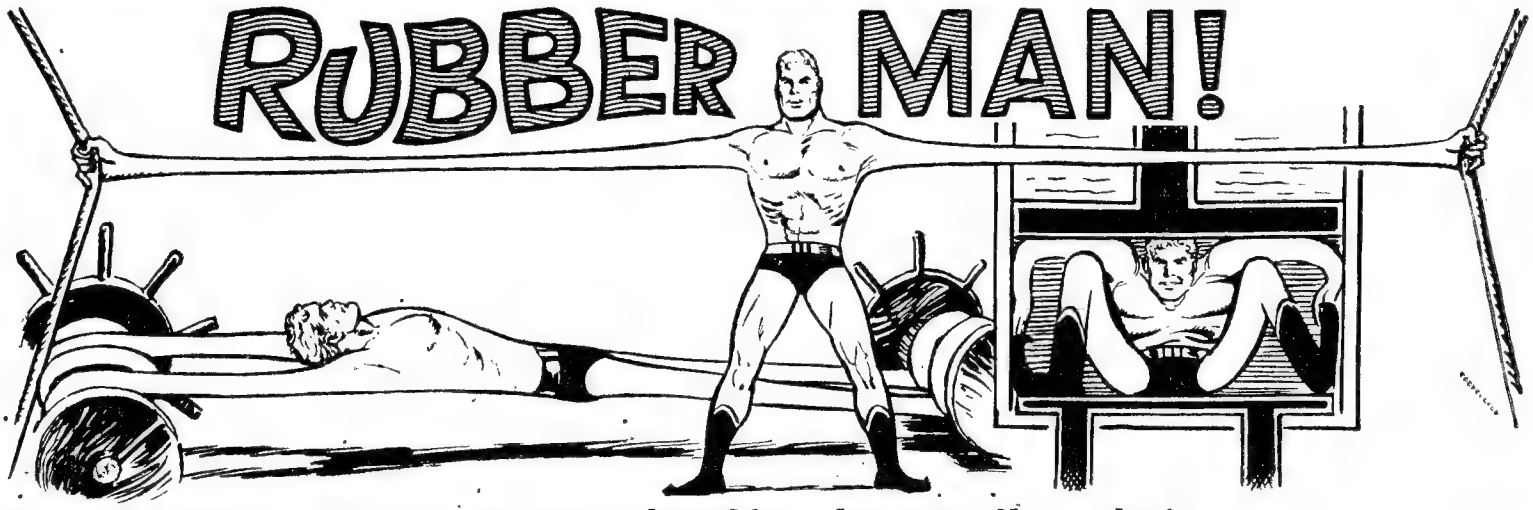
The Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. raises his legs to hook the braces tying them round one of the spikes on the parapet. The braces stretch, lowering him gently into the fireman's arms.



He can be S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-D!

He can be SQUEEZED!

Because he's the INCREDIBLE



We're not asking you to find out more about him—because, if you don't, it'll be your loss. But what a *MAN!* What a *STORY!*

And it begins in SMASH Next Week!

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THE GHOST PATROL

SO *THAT* IS THE HORSELESS CHARIOT? NO DOUBT THERE ARE SLAVES INSIDE, TURNING THE WHEELS! IT DOESN'T NEED A *GOD* TO WORK IT!

BELIEVE ME, PHARAOH — IT IS *MAGIC!* AND THERE IS ONLY ONE BEING INSIDE!

THE GHOST PATROL HAS BEEN SENT BACK IN TIME TO THE YEAR 1,000 B.C. BY A TIME-MACHINE. ERHART, THEIR NAZI PRISONER, HAS CAPTURED THEIR TANK AND, WITH THE HELP OF ANCIENT EGYPTIANS, IS MARCHING THE PATROL TOWARDS THE PHARAOH'S CAMP...

WHEN ERHART SAW PHARAOH COMING, HE HAD STOPPED THE TANK. NOW HE WAS UP IN THE TURRET!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, ERHART? *TERRIFY* PHARAOH LIKE A GOOD NAZI PRETENDING TO BE A GOD!

YOU SNEER NOW, BUT WHEN I HOLD ALL THE POWER IN EGYPT, YOU'LL BEG FOR MERCY!

*ERHART PULLED A LEVER. THE TANK GUN CRASHED OUT—AND A SHELL SHRIEKED OVER PHARAOH'S HEAD! ERHART HAD MEANT IT AS A **SALUTE!***

BUT IT DIDN'T IMPRESS PHARAOH! A MASS OF EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS RUSHED AT THE TANK WITH GLITTERING WEAPONS...!

HEY, YOU FOOLS! YOU CAN'T ATTACK ME! ONE SHOT FROM THIS GUN AND I CAN KILL YOU ALL!

BUT ERHART WAS TOO SLOW!

DOG! YOU ARE ATTACKING A *GOD!*

SAVE IT, ERHART, THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU — REMEMBER? THEY DON'T KNOW OUR LANGUAGE!

THE PATROL WATCHED ERHART BEING HAULED TOWARDS PHARAOH...

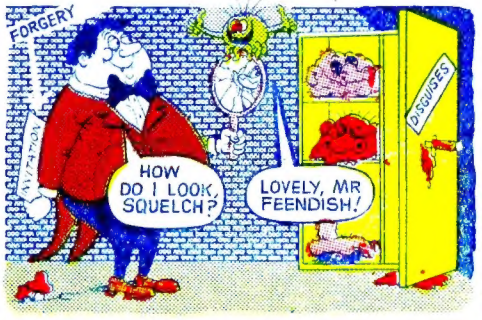
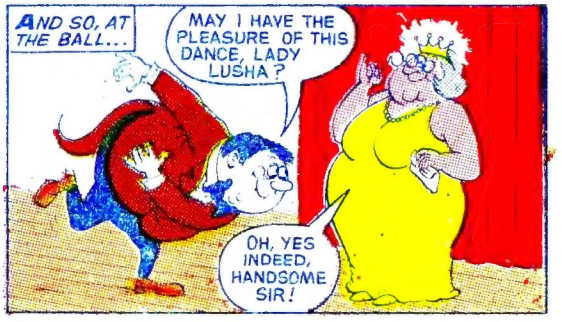
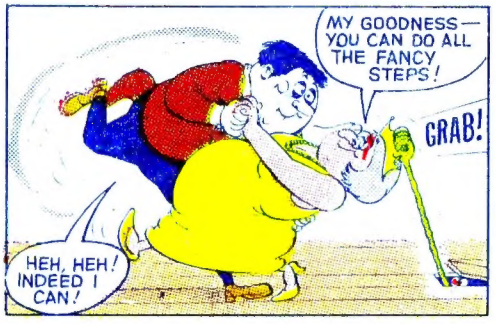
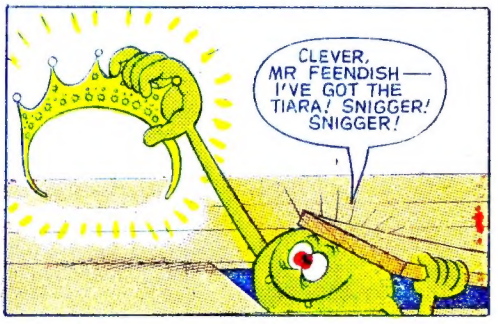
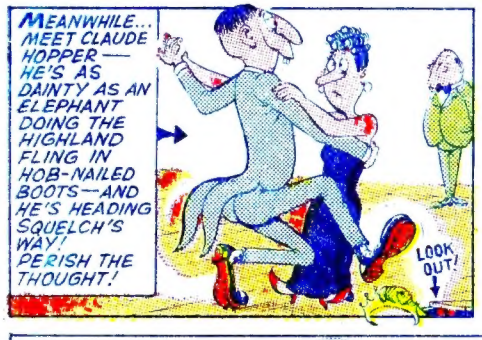
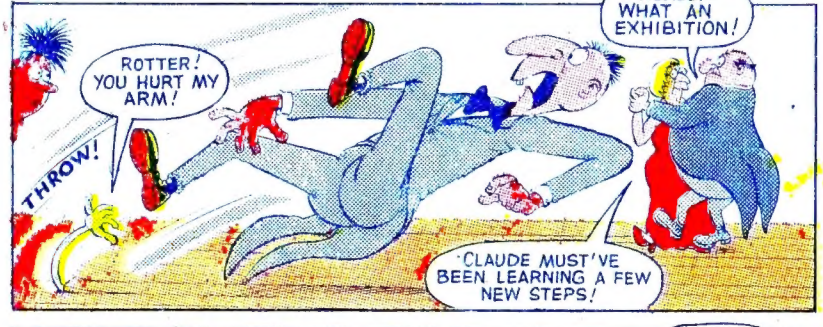
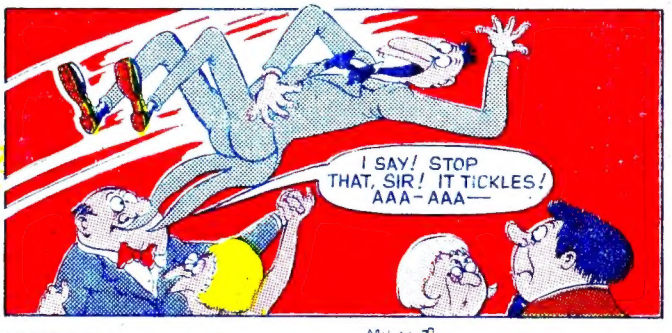
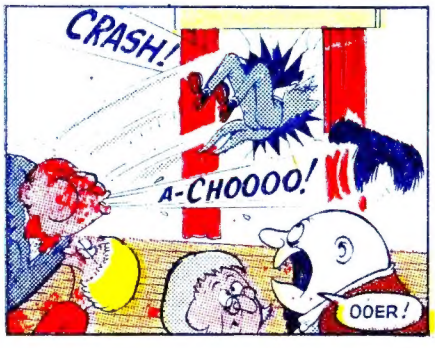
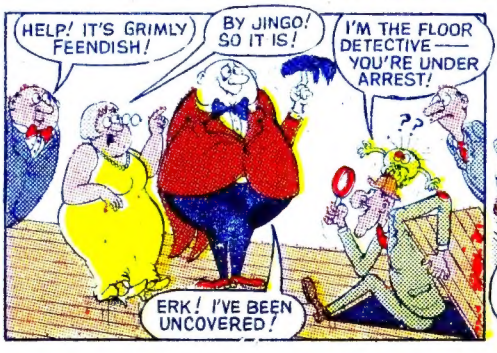
WHY DID THEY DO THAT, SARGE?

PHARAOH HIMSELF IS SUPPOSED TO BE A GOD — SO HE DOESN'T LIKE ANYBODY ELSE TRYING TO TAKE OVER *HIS* JOB!

ERHART WAS FORCED ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THE GREAT EGYPTIAN KING . . .
BEFORE I STRIKE OFF THIS DOG'S HEAD FOR HIS INSOLENCE, SUMMON THESE OTHER STRANGERS. I WOULD LIKE TO HEAR WHAT THEY HAVE TO SAY!
MEANWHILE, PADDY, THE PATROL-MEMBER CARRYING THE TIME-MACHINE, HAD BEEN SENT INTO THE FUTURE! A SPACE-TROOPER HAD PARALYSED HIM WITH HIS SPECIAL GUN — BUT THEN THE TIME-MACHINE HAD SENT THE TWO MEN BACK TO ANCIENT TIMES. NOW PADDY FOUND HIMSELF IN A SWAMP — UNABLE TO MOVE!
IT'S A SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER!
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I'VE HAD IT THIS TIME!
PADDY, PARALYSED BY THE TROOPER'S FLASH-GUN, WAS SINKING. THEN THE TROOPER'S GUN FLASHED OUT — FIRING PAST PADDY!
CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE... IF THAT GOON DOESN'T GET ME OUT OF HERE IN THE NEXT FEW SECONDS, THE TIME-MACHINE WILL BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SWAMP!
THE TROOPER FIRED AGAIN — AT PADDY! SUDDENLY, PADDY FOUND HIS MUSCLES FREE, AND THE TROOPER HAULED HIM OUT!
THANKS, CHUM! A FRIEND IN NEED, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE!
LOOK BEHIND YOU! HOW DID THAT GET HERE — AND WHERE ARE WE, ANYWAY?
THE SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER, PARALYSED BY THE FLASH-GUN, LAY IN THE REEDS...
PHEW! IF THAT'S THE SORT OF THING THAT'S AROUND, WE'RE REALLY FAR BACK IN TIME — BACK TO THE EARLY AGES OF EARTH'S HISTORY!
BUT-BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
SWIFTLY, PADDY EXPLAINED ABOUT THE TIME-MACHINE — HOW THE PATROL HAD BEEN IN GREECE IN 1941 AND HAD FOUND THE TIME-MACHINE IN A CAVE...
...AND THE POINT IS THIS, CHUM. ONCE YOU LEAVE A PLACE, IT'S DIFFICULT TO FIND IT AGAIN ON THIS DIAL! WE'VE MARKED THE DIAL WHERE 1,000 B.C. IS — SO WE CAN REACH THE PATROL AGAIN!
ALL RIGHT — LET'S FIND THEM!
PADDY LOOKED AT THE TIME-MACHINE DIAL CAREFULLY — THEN GAVE IT A TWIST!
STAND CLOSE TO ME — HERE GOES!
THE SWAMP VANISHED, AND PADDY FOUND HIMSELF ONCE AGAIN STANDING ON THE JETTY ON THE NILE . . .
WOW! THAT WAS SUDDEN!
THIS IS THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT, BUT WHERE'S THE SARGE AND THE PATROL? AND WHERE'S THE LANDING CRAFT AND THE TANK?
PADDY SOON SAW THE LANDING CRAFT — WHERE THE PATROL HAD ABANDONED IT AFTER PURSUING ERHART.
MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT MORE WHEN WE REACH THE LANDING CRAFT!
SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOING ON — THE SARGE WOULDN'T LEAD THE PATROL OFF WITHOUT LEAVING ME SOME MESSAGE!
THERE'S MORE OVER THE PAGE, READERS...

THE SARGE MUST HAVE LEFT THIS IN A HURRY— THE RATIONS, PETROL SUPPLIES, AND AMMO HASN'T BEEN TOUCHED!
LOOK! THERE'S A RAFT OVER THERE, LYING ABANDONED!
THE TROOPER HAD AN IRISH ACCENT. PADDY GRINNED AT HIM CURIOUSLY...
WE'D BETTER EXCHANGE NAMES BEFORE WE GO ANY FARTHER! I'M PADDY O'CONNELL. YOU SOUND LIKE A COUNTRYMAN OF MINE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, AT THAT! THE NAME IS CORNELIUS KERRIGAN— BUT YOU CAN CALL ME CORNY! MY ANCESTORS WERE IRISH!
PADDY AND CORNY WENT OVER TO THE RAFT...
THERE'S BEEN SOMETHING PRETTY HEAVY ON THIS, PADDY.
YES— OUR TANK! AND THE TRACKS LEAD OFF THROUGH THE REEDS! THE SARGE SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN IT INTO ACTION FOR SOME REASON...
...THERE'S NO SOUND OF ENGINES OR GUNFIRE, SO THEY MUST BE PRETTY FAR AWAY. THERE'S NOT MUCH POINT IN US FOLLOWING THE TRACKS BY FOOT, AND THERE'S NO USE STAYING HERE...
...THE ONLY PLACE ANYBODY CAN GO IS UP THE NILE— AND THEY WON'T WANDER VERY FAR FROM THE RIVER! IF WE HEAD UPRIVER IN THE LANDING CRAFT, WE'LL CATCH THEM UP!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, PADDY!
BEFORE LEAVING, PADDY WROTE A NOTE FOR THE PATROL...
Paddy back and Reporting
I'VE GONE UPRIVER IN THE LANDING CRAFT. IF I DON'T SEE YOU, I'LL BE BACK IN TWO DAYS, SO KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED AND YOUR CHIN UP
— Paddy
ANY IDEA WHERE WE'RE GOING?
WITH CHUGGING ENGINE, THE LANDING CRAFT FORGED UPSTREAM, THROUGH PLACID, MUDDY WATERS STRETCHING TO THE HORIZON...
HAVEN'T A CLUE, CORNY! I WAS NEVER MUCH USE AT GEOGRAPHY— AND THIS IS ANCIENT EGYPT, SO WHO KNOWS WHAT'S AHEAD OF US?

MEANWHILE, THE EGYPTIANS WERE GIVING ERHART A ROUGH TIME. AS HE GROVELLED BEFORE THE PHARAOH, THE RULER SIGNALLED TO THE GHOST PATROL...
YOU FOOLS! I AM FROM THE FUTURE! I HAVE POWER TO DESTROY YOU ALL!
THIS INSOLENT DOG BABBLES IN A STRANGE TONGUE—SILENCE HIM! AND BRING THESE OTHER STRANGERS FORWARD—I WILL HEAR THEM!
ERHART WAS KNOCKED TO THE GROUND AS JOE AND HIS MEN WERE LED FORWARD...
I SUPPOSE WE'RE ALL FOR THE HIGH JUMP!
CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY FOR ERHART—HE HAD IT COMING!
PHARAOH HAD JOE AND THE OTHERS CUT LOOSE...
IF THEY CANNOT SPEAK OUR TONGUE, GIVE THEM YOUR STAFF—THEN THEY MAY DRAW PICTURES!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA NOW? WHAT ARE THEY JABBERING ABOUT?
IT WAS CORPORAL JOCK McLUCKIE WHO UNDERSTOOD...
DON'T YOU GET IT, SARGE? THE EGYPTIANS WANT YOU TO MAKE DRAWINGS IN THE SAND! IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN GET THROUGH TO THEM!
WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, JOCK—PICASSO? I CAN'T DRAW FOR PEANUTS!
JOE THOUGHT HARD—THEN DID HIS BEST!
MAYBE THIS WILL TELL THEM HOW WE GOT HERE!
WHEN HE HAD FINISHED, HE POINTED TOWARDS THE SETTING SUN!
HE HAS DRAWN A SHIP—AND THE SEA!
AND HE IS POINTING TO THE WEST!
DON'T YOU SEE? HE IS TELLING US HE COMES FROM THE FABLED ATLANTIS!
PHARAOH SEEMED EXCITED...
DRAG THEIR MACHINE TO THE TEMPLE OF RA—WE WILL PROVE WHO THEY ARE, IN FRONT OF THE ALTAR OF THE SUN GOD! WE WILL ALSO SHOW THEM THE ANCIENT RELICS!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE MOVING, LADS—PHARAOH IS BEHAVING AS THOUGH HE HAS PLANS FOR US!
A PROPHECY WARNED US THAT STRANGERS WOULD COME IN A SHIP WITHOUT SAILS OR OARS! AND ONE OF THEM WOULD HAVE LIGHTNING THAT COULD STRIKE MEN DUMB! BUT THESE MEN HAVE NO SHIP, AND HAVE ONLY THUNDER...
Next Week: INSIDE THE TEMPLE OF RA!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD